

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878.

## The Week.

AS we go to press, the returns from the elections of last Tuesday indicate an unexpectedly good result. The fate of the "Ohio Idea" appears to have been hard in the extreme; in spite of it the Republicans have gained thirty thousand votes, and its defeat is not only a just rebuke to Senator Thurman, but greatly lessens his chances for the Presidential nomination. The other main reliance of the Democrats, the gerrymandering of the districts, appears to have proved no more successful; they meant to leave the Republicans but six Congressmen, and already nine are conceded to them, while Foster's district is in doubt. The defeat of Saylor and the probable election of English are also gratifying. In Iowa the Republicans have of course a majority, and apparently suffer no loss in Congressmen. In Indiana the Democrats elect their State ticket, and by report the Nationals probably hold the balance of power in the Legislature which will vote upon Voorhees for the Senate. In West Virginia the Democrats carry all except one Congressional district, and may have defeated there a Republican-Greenbacker. What is surprising and encouraging in all this is, that the soft-money heresy seems to have obtained a much less strong hold upon public sentiment than has been believed almost universally; nowhere, apparently, did the Greenbackers poll so many votes as was anticipated. The victory of the Republicans upon the hard-money platform has come more easily and quickly than there was any reason to believe, and it reverses the inference from the Maine election, that the immediate result would be a temporary defeat of the Republicans.

The Republican victory in Colorado on the 1st instant was gained upon local rather than national issues. The reckless injustice of the Democratic House in seating Patterson over Judge Belford has resulted in the latter's return by a greatly-increased majority, and the known fact that Loveland, the Democratic nominee for Governor, and prospectively for the Senate, would, if elected, represent nothing but Jay Gould and the Union Pacific interest, had more to do with determining the result against him than any question of currency or public policy. The success of the Republicans lies in their having prevented Colorado from being pocketed, like some other Western States, by a corporation.

The *Tribune* published on Tuesday its promised first instalment of Democratic campaign despatches relating to the Florida count. The most important of these passed between New York and Florida between November 30 and December 5, 1876, and appear to have been sent by Henry Havemeyer and Col. W. T. Pelton (Mr. Tilden's nephew) on one side and Manton Marble, C. W. Woolley, and John F. Coyle on the other. The Returning Board opened the returns on the 28th of November, and a decision, it was known, would be reached in a few days. On December 2 Coyle telegraphs Havemeyer: "My hope small. . . . Nothing but cash will avail. . . ." On the same day a despatch is sent without signature to Col. Pelton, at Mr. Tilden's house, 15 Gramercy Park, as follows: "Have just received a proposition to hand over at any hour required Tilden decision of Board and certificate of Governor for \$200,000." That this was sent by Mr. Marble seems proved by the reply, also unsigned, but addressed to him: "Despatch here. Proposition too high. (?) " On the day before, however, it appears that Woolley telegraphed to Havemeyer that a similar arrangement might be made for "half of a hundred thousand dollars," and enquired: "Can you say will deposit in bank immediately if agreed?" This was answered by a despatch signed "H.": "Telegram received.

Will deposit dollars agreed. [You] cannot, however, draw before vote member received." On the 4th, Marble telegraphs: "Proposition received either giving vote of Republican of Board, or his concurrence in court action preventing electoral vote from being cast, for half hundred best United States documents"; a despatch which clearly refers to the same proposition as the following from Woolley of the same date: "May Woolley give hundred thousand dollars less half for Tilden additional Board member?" These two telegrams were finally answered by an unsigned despatch of the same date, addressed to Marble: "Telegram here. Proposition accepted if done only once. Better consult with Woolley and act in concert. You can trust him. Time very important and there should be no divided councils." This, however, came, as a despatch from Woolley immediately announced, "too late," and his report is confirmed by a telegram from Marble dated the 5th: "Proposition failed. . . . Tell Tilden to saddle Blackstone" (resort to legal proceedings).

The method employed in deciphering this correspondence has been explained by the *Tribune*, and leaves no room for doubt that the translations are correct. They corroborate McLin's otherwise doubtful testimony that Marble attempted to bribe him at the time of the count, a charge which the latter met at the time by calling McLin an "ague-smitten pariah." It will be no doubt urged by the Democrats that Tilden is not connected in any way with the correspondence; but any one who tries to believe this will find his powers of faith sorely taxed. The discovery of the key to the ciphers used is a great "card" for the *Tribune* (the *Times* pays it the tribute of absolute silence on the subject), for the Anti-Tilden Democrats, and the Republicans, who will no doubt use the despatches with effect for two years to come. We must say, however, that we should like to know what inducements were used on the Republican side that neutralized or overcame the influence of the money the Democrats seem to have been so ready to spend. There was clearly a good deal of corruptible material in Florida connected in one way or another with the count and the Board, and it was really more important for the Republicans to secure this than for their opponents, for, from what we know of the Florida election, from the independent testimony of General Barlow, the State had really voted by a slight majority for Tilden electors. Why did money lavishly offered produce no results, and what were the inducements held out that brought the Marble-Woolley plot to naught?

The *Tribune* says that their failure was owing to the direct interposition of Providence. In one of the cipher despatches four words were missing which made it unintelligible, causing a delay—or, as the *Tribune* puts it:

"But if, in the secret purpose of any trusted and sworn member of that Board of three, upon whose action depended the fate of forty millions of people, there lurked a thought of treachery and crime, the God of Nations saved this land from ruin and dishonor, for his lightnings refused, until it was too late, to bear intelligibly the shameful order to consummate the crime, and held their secret until the danger had passed."

We cannot believe, however, that such astute politicians as "Zach" and "Bill" Chandler in their dealings with Dennis and McLin trusted altogether in the God of Nations. We fear we shall never know precisely what saved us from ruin and dishonor until we know what the Republican agents did between the 30th of November and the 5th of December, 1876, and get a glimpse of the secret despatches on their side. We know from their own appearance before the Potter Committee what manner of men the Florida counters were; that some of them, at least, were marketable the cipher telegrams show, and we therefore have our curiosity roused as to the precise means employed by the God of Nations to make them give the Presidency to the right man, and yet satisfy the longings of their cor-

rupt nature for money or goods. That anything in the nature of a miracle, such as change in the quality of electricity or of iron wire, was resorted to for this purpose we refuse to believe. We feel quite sure no such tremendous exercise of power was needed to overrule Dennis or McLin for good in any required direction.

We have commented elsewhere on the curious action of Butler's constituents in the Seventh Massachusetts District in calling on him for his resignation on account of his bad behavior since his nomination two years ago. The convention by which the action was taken recited the various pledges he made to the Republicans of the District before they elected him, described the sad way in which he had failed to keep them, and the abominable manner in which he is now conducting himself in various parts of the country, and ended by calling unanimously for his resignation. One of the most painful features in the canvass is the disposition of the Massachusetts Republican papers to question the General's veracity; most of them have now little hesitation in doubting his word. Imputations of inconsistency, too, are freely thrown out against him, and must be damaging and painful to him from their very novelty. What is saddest of all, however, is the growing tendency which we notice to believe in, and even spread, the old "rebel lies" against him. It begins to be said that he didn't take New Orleans after all; that he traded actively with the enemy around Fortress Monroe, and that he didn't "take care of Ben Hill." Some excitable persons are asking what use he ever was to the party. No wonder the sorely-tried old patriot exclaims in the bitterness of his soul, "O the lying, lying press!"

A correspondence between Governor Hampton, of South Carolina, and Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, about the failure of the latter to deliver up Kimpton has been published during the week, and is not marked by skill or good temper on either side. Governor Hampton's letter had the additional defect of appearing in the newspapers before it reached its destination in Boston. He characterizes Governor Rice's refusal as "a flagrant violation of the supreme law of the land," and adds that his (Governor Rice's) statement that Kimpton was asked for not for trial on the crime charged "but for a different purpose," was "entirely unwarranted," and he "repels the unworthy imputation with indignant scorn." This is in the best Congressional style, but Governor Rice was equal to the occasion. He first "scathed" Governor Hampton, as the reporters say, with a "cutting allusion" to the unseemliness of a lecture from South Carolina to Massachusetts on the fulfilment of Constitutional obligations, and then he alleged that Kimpton *was* wanted for "a different purpose," and, after "hurling back" the scorn, returned the Hampton letter as unfit for the Massachusetts archives. We think this was as judicious a thing as he could have done with it, for that Governor Rice has disobeyed the supreme law of the land there is little doubt, and his only real defence against Hampton on this head is that there is no remedy. This is really the chief justification for the exercise of the gubernatorial "discretion" in these matters, and for the legal quibbling about it, to which we have lately been treated. Moreover, the allegation that it is a perversion of the machinery of extradition to use a man surrendered under it as a witness (and that such use is "another purpose" in a moral or legal sense) about the crime with which he is charged, and of which in testifying he would confess himself guilty, is another quibble, and it is best that the Massachusetts State archives should not contain a charge that the governor has been guilty of it from any responsible source.

Attorney-General Devens has sent a circular to the district-attorneys in Louisiana, Alabama, and South Carolina calling their attention to attempts which have recently been made in Alabama to prevent the holding of Republican meetings, and referring to the statutory provision for the punishment of all combinations or conspiracies for such attempts, and directing them to enforce the law by arrest and indictment, firmly but impartially and fairly. If the

district-attorneys are men of good character they can do a world of good, and, in fact, give intimidation a finishing stroke, by doing their duty in the matter, and if Southerners of standing in the neighborhood have any of their old political sense left they will see the utility of giving all attempts to put down bullying prompt and efficient support. This, to put the matter on the lowest ground, is good electioneering policy. What Democratic gain by breaking up negro meetings can equal the damage done by supplying material to the "bloody shirt" agitators at the North?

There have been various alarming rumors from the Indian country during the week. The bands of Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, numbering above ten thousand and able to put three thousand warriors into the field, are said to have taken the war-path and to be on their way westward to the Black Hills, whither the Cheyennes, who left their reservation some time ago, are still fleeing, as well as others of that tribe, in company with a few Arapahoes from Camp Brown, Wyoming. These Indians have long been friendly and peaceful, and were to have been removed last spring to their new reservations. Delay has followed delay, and the attitude of Spotted Tail's band has been more and more unpromising, until some three or more weeks ago they set out for their new home on their own account, and later the Red Cloud band followed their example. The report of their defection is not *prima facie* improbable, but neither is it improbable that these Indians will stop when they reach their reservation, which they themselves chose, and have no hostile intentions as a body.

Among the minor events of the week the play of the celebrated Australian cricketers in this country deserves mention. They arrived fresh from a long series of triumphs over the best English teams, including Mr. Grace's Gloucestershire Eleven, and with but very few defeats to be explained away. Their first game on this side was with a New York Eighteen, whom they barely surpassed in the first innings, but decidedly in the second, in a match lasting two days. Proceeding immediately to Philadelphia, where the game has been more assiduously cultivated by Americans than anywhere else, they were confronted not by eighteen, but by their own number, and on Thursday the match began. The Philadelphians went first to the bat, and kept their places all day, being put out for 196 runs, in spite of the most strenuous exertions on the part of their opponents. On Friday the Australians took their turn, and they, too, consumed the day, but to their chagrin they were at the close forty-six runs behind the Philadelphians. Their demeanor on Saturday, when they were in the field, showed that they were determined to take advantage of every technicality to prevent the game from going against them, and their appeals from the Philadelphia umpire's rulings finally ended in what, but for the evidence of concert and previous understanding, would have seemed a childish refusal to play any more. They left the field in a body and would, in all probability, not have resumed the game if their receipts had not depended upon it. The Philadelphians were firm in adhering to their position—which was, that if one umpire was dismissed both should be—and after more than an hour's delay the Australians returned to their duty and the innings ended with a total of fifty-three runs. Their own second innings had earned them fifty-six runs, with six wickets in reserve, when the close of the day and their Canadian engagements compelled them to leave the game a drawn one. The nerve (not only in the game but in the unfortunate wrangle with their guests) and skill displayed by the Philadelphians were, considering the greater weight and formidable reputation of the Australians, creditable in the highest degree. We believe it is safe to say that a much stronger eleven could be made up than actually played last week, and that in England itself they would have a fair chance of repeating the record of the Australians.

The failure of the Glasgow Bank is one of those tremendous collapses in which Great Britain considerably outdoes this country, for here the generally-reputed safe and solid things seldom break down on a great scale. Curiously enough, too, the last great bank



failure in Great Britain, that of the Western Bank in 1857, occurred, like this, under the famously safe Scotch system, which, however, proves nothing except that every system depends for at least a third of its excellence on the men who work it. Like the Western Bank and Overend & Gurney, the Glasgow Bank has perished through that most insidious of bank diseases, the attempt to save debtors in difficulties by continued advances, or, in other words, the unwillingness to accept a small loss in the beginning. The liabilities are said to amount in all to about \$50,000,000, about three-fourths in deposits, but the assets are said to be much better than was supposed in the first moments of alarm. The fact that the shares were quoted at 237 a week before the failure (on a par of 100), and that the liability of the stockholders is unlimited, is a striking illustration of the frightful insecurity in which in our time people live, even with the most perfect legal protection against spoliation. The stockholders number 1,250, most of them, it is said, people of small means and dependent on their income from the bank, which has been paying 12 per cent., so we may fancy what an amount of human misery lies under the announcement of such a failure.

Notwithstanding that there were premonitions of the failure of the Glasgow Bank, its actual suspension created a shock in London sufficient to depress British consols one per cent. Other important failures followed, yet the recovery from the first great shock was, so far as London prices indicate, nearly completed at the close of the week. The bank had no London office, and drafts upon it were not sold in this country; nevertheless, there was much anxiety here, and immediate remittances for London were in sufficient demand to arrest the downward tendency of the sterling bill market. Before the end of the week this demand relaxed, and sterling bills fell half a "point," and they are again apparently on the road to the specie-importing point. Gold, which had not for a long time been above 100½, advanced to 100¾, and receded to 100½ to 100¾, but the greenback craze is more responsible for the rise in gold than is any commercial consideration. Silver bullion fell in London to 51½d. per oz., the lowest price since the Silver Bill was passed last winter. The bullion value of the 412½-grain dollar fell to \$0.8623 gold. The rates for money advanced 1 to 2 per cent. early in the week, but this advance was lost. The reserve of the New York banks was decreased during the week \$2,361,250.

There is no doubt that the disenchantment with the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention is going on very rapidly. The Turks have, it is true, done a good deal towards carrying them out—such as the surrender of the Danubian fortresses and of Batum—but the course of events in Bosnia and Albania shows that the effect of the Treaty on which Beaconsfield most relied for its justification, the strengthening of Turkey, has not resulted from it. In fact, that Turkey has been seriously if not fatally weakened by what has happened can no longer be denied. There is, too, great and growing uncertainty as to whether the Sultan has now authority enough to carry out any reforms in Asia Minor, and as to what will happen in case he refuses or fails. To crown all, twenty-five per cent. of the force occupying Cyprus are down with the fever, and there appears to be no doubt that the island is terribly and permanently unhealthy and cannot be garrisoned without serious loss of life. This could be borne if it were not that the cold-blooded have begun to ask what its strategic value is, and nobody seems ready with an answer. If it is to be used as a base of operations against anybody it is against the Russians, four hundred miles off on the mainland, and a fever-stricken island seems, at best, a poor place to move from against a powerful enemy at that distance.

The news from India seems to portend war with Afghanistan, and in fact at this writing there are rumors afloat that fighting has already begun. All attempts to bring the Amir to reason have failed, and he has been reported at Simla as saying that he had seven crores of rupees, all of which he would spend in war. Troops are in the meantime rapidly concentrating on the frontier, in order to strike a

decided blow before winter, and any day may now bring the news of a collision. The Liberal view of the affair in England is that Lord Lytton, the present governor-general, is a "viewy," romancing politician, like his master at home, and equally fond of startling effects; that he has by teasing and threatening forced the Amir, who was perfectly friendly in Lord Mayo's time, into an attitude of hostility; that the coming of the Russian envoy was the natural consequence of the quarrel over the Turks, but that he might have been got rid of by a friendly remonstrance addressed to St. Petersburg; that, instead of this, a bullying course towards the Amir has been resorted to, in the certainty that he would resist and thus furnish an opportunity for cheap theatrical victories, which would cover up the more and more patent failure of the Berlin Treaty and keep alive the cockney bellicosity; that if the attack covers more serious designs than this it is a blunder of the first magnitude, inasmuch as it would result in the abandonment of a short and defensible frontier for a line of indefinite extent, and add a mountainous province peopled by a hardy, fierce, and untamable population to the already gigantic responsibilities of the Indian army and treasury.

Turkey, it now appears, pursued the same course towards Austria which she has been pursuing towards Greece. After, on one pretext or another, putting off signing a convention with regard to the occupation of Bosnia, in spite of the efforts of Count Zichy to bring her to a conclusion, she has issued a circular note, very like the one she issued about the Greek claims, addressed to the Powers, and asking for another decision as to Austria's right to occupy Bosnia at all, and calling on them to stop the advance and check the excesses of her troops until the decision is reached. In fact, as in the case of the Greeks, the note talks as if the Berlin Treaty had settled nothing, and was simply a bundle of suggestions, which is an amusing view for the Turk to take. The cause of this procrastination is said by the best-informed Constantinople correspondents to be the invincible belief of the Turks, which long experience has done something to justify, that when they are in a scrape something will turn up to help them out, so they put off any irrevocable step as long as possible. It will be observed that it is only as regards Russia that they have done much to carry out the Treaty, and they would probably not have done anything but for the presence of the Russian troops close to Constantinople.

The effect of these performances at Vienna is, of course, very exasperating, and though they help Andrassy by rousing popular animosity to the Turks, they have almost fatally embarrassed him financially. He has spent the 30,000,000 florins for which he was allowed credit in the beginning, and will probably need as much more, and Herr Von Szell, the Hungarian Minister of Finance, acknowledges that the problem is too much for him by resigning, and the other ministers have followed his example, but are to occupy their places provisionally for the present, and probably until the meeting of the Diet. The Hungarians are really on the verge of bankruptcy, and the danger of a war with Turkey, combined with the unpopularity of the Andrassy policy from the beginning, makes the situation a very serious one for the Empire. The final extinction of the resistance in Bosnia is a help to a solution, but the expenses of occupation and reorganization must be still forthcoming, for Bosnia and Herzegovina are exhausted and will probably yield little in taxes for three years.

The Anti-Socialist Bill has come from the hands of the Committee with various modifications, of which the principal ones are the change in the court of appeal from the decisions of the police, of which we spoke last week, a more precise definition of the offence, and a limitation of the duration of the act to two years or two years and a half; the exemption of booksellers and circulating libraries, and the refusal of the power of banishing Socialist agitators. To this last change the Government is strongly opposed, but it seems likely that the majority of the Reichstag will hold firm about it, and that the Government will eventually give way.

## THE REPUBLICAN BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER does not often make contributions to a controversy which deserve attention or respect; but some of his remarks in one of his addresses in Massachusetts the other night were very suggestive. He was speaking of the attacks now made on his character by the Republican papers of the State, and he asked, with great force, how it was, if his character was so bad, that he had for eighteen years occupied such a high position in the party, in the constant receipt of honors and marks of confidence, and that only two years ago he had been nominated in a Republican district and returned to Congress over the head of Judge Hoar, one of the most respectable and respected Republicans in the country. In fact, he had, he said, and with truth, for fifteen years been a "leader in the party" to whom good Republicans looked with trust in all times of danger and distress. These observations naturally produced a good deal of effect on his auditors. They have been considerably strengthened by the late action of the Republican Convention of the district which he now represents in Congress—the Seventh. At their meeting on Wednesday week they drew up an elaborate series of resolutions, giving Butler's political history for the last two years—that is, since they nominated him for Congress in 1876—and closing with a demand for his resignation, all of which were passed unanimously, and with great applause. The first of these resolutions is very remarkable, and as a specimen of the ethics of conventions and caucuses goes a good way to give Butler even now an air of respectability. It shows that Butler, when seeking their nomination for Congress in 1876, addressed a letter to the Republicans of the district in which he declared that he was opposed to a return to specie payments, but that as the party had decided on it he would "bow to the decision." In other words, he made no secret of the fact that he was at heart a repudiationist, and only accepted hard-money doctrines for the purpose of keeping his standing in the party and getting back into Congress. With this confession on his lips, and knowing his character, public and private, quite as well as they know it to-day, the Convention nominated him, and sent him to Washington to advocate theories of finance in which they knew he did not believe, and support legislation which he considered injurious. In other words—to sum the matter up in a few words—they became confederates with him in a game of fraud and hypocrisy which he made not the slightest attempt to disguise. Under these circumstances it does seem a little hard on the old man to have the Convention now reproach him with "trading with the enemy for the advancement of his personal fortunes," and declare that his promises are only a "kind of fiat currency, having no intrinsic value; cheap, delusive, and irredeemable." The resolutions acknowledge, moreover, that the Republicans of the district "braved much obloquy to honor him when he had been dishonored elsewhere." The reasons why he was "dishonored elsewhere" were, in fact, those which the Convention give for dishonoring him now—false pretences, fraud, hypocrisy, treachery, intrigue, and "trading with the enemy," and they were just as well known and as thoroughly credited in 1876 as they are to-day.

His political career, indeed, for twenty-five years has been one long "trade." It is but just to him to say that at no period has he ever pretended to the possession of principles, or to belief in the possession of them by any one else, but has always been ostentatious in his admiration for tricky and successful "trade." In dealing with questions of international law or government liability, which do not lie within the jurisdiction of the courts or the police, he has always shown a kind of boisterous joy in cheating, and a deep contempt for scruples. A correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, in view of these facts, commenting on the course of the Convention, pertinently asks:

"How many of our Representatives in Congress, how many of our scheming politicians, how many of our political workers . . . wear the mask over the face of their convictions? General Butler was bold enough to openly avow his opinions; he was also bold enough to advocate them in the face of his plighted agreement and

positive promise; how many of our political workers are like General Butler in everything but his bold, impudent independence of spirit? We live, it is true, in an evil hour, but let us not imagine that all the evil of the hour is confined to one man and his followers, or that it is *all* on the surface, like cream on the top of milk. The reformation that we need in this nation is a complete moral and ethical reformation, a thorough-going reformation of the *inside*, of the very soul and heart of the nation."

He unfortunately cites Wendell Phillips in contrast to Butler as an example of a sincere though wrong-headed politician; but he forgets to add that, as regards Butler, even this moralist stands in precisely the same category with the Republicans of the Seventh District. Nobody has more ardently advocated the General's retention in public life or made lighter of his defects of character, so that the "complete moral and ethical reformation" will have to embrace even the great orator himself.

The bearing of this on the conduct of the canvass against Butler in Massachusetts is important. We have no expectation that he will be elected, but we are afraid that just as he is, with all his sins upon his head, the strength of his supporters will surprise and shock a great many excellent people next November. The weapons on which his adversaries are relying most are charges of gross dishonesty and inconsistency, but we make bold to say that they are not producing a particle of effect, for the simple but very cogent reason that the Republicans themselves disregarded them when they thought that Butler could be useful to them. During the last eighteen years they have in the most ostentatious way taught the masses who are now hurrahing for Butler and who are going to vote for him—the laborers and artisans and sorely-pressed farmers, whose education is small and whose ethical perceptions are constantly blunted by the pressure of necessity—that if a man is "sound on the main question," that is, can be relied on to carry out the party will on some point which happens at the time to be considered most important, his moral character is of no sort of consequence. Under this teaching the Butlerite constituency which is now frightening Massachusetts from its propriety has been steadily growing, not in that State only, but all over the country. Exposures of Butler's knavery produce no effect on it, because it thinks that, knave though he be, he will be faithful on the "main question"—that is, the multiplication of dollars and the spoliation of bondholders and capitalists. In other words, though he may have lied and cheated and stolen ever so much, he is sure "to take care of Ben Hill"—for they, too, have their "Ben Hill"; and we, who have been for fourteen years pointing out the danger of Butler to the party, and the infinite damage to public morals which the support of him by respectable men was working, may be pardoned for recalling the time, not so very long ago, when leading Republican moralists were as much amused by charges of rascality against him as the motley crowd who frequent his meetings are now. The acceptance of him during the war was pardonable enough, because in war any rascal may save an empire, and he was, in the excitement of the time, able to commit one of the greatest of his frauds by persuading people that he was a soldier; but the party dealings with him since 1867 have been absolutely indefensible, and everybody who believes in the moral government of the world ought to be glad that he has lived long enough to take the field against the party at the head of the crowd whom it has helped him to deceive and debauch. It is in this way, rather than by preaching, that politics are purified.

If it be asked, Why say these things now, when all influences are needed to secure his defeat, and to save the public credit from the party with which he is acting? the answer is that it is only during a canvass that these little historical lessons receive any serious attention. The fight once over, they assume the character of sermons, by which the active politicians profess to be greatly edified, but to which they never think of listening. Moreover, Butlerism will not be killed or the Republican party be purified by this or any one election. The insincerity which has been its curse of late years, and which is at this moment causing many of the leaders to hesitate whether they will "go in" for hard money, for unlimited green-



backs, or for Mississippi murders and illicit distilleries, will not pass away with the present crisis. No party can save the public credit which is not managed by men who, as Cromwell said, "know what they are fighting for, and love what they know." We have to get rid of the doctors who practise homœopathy and allopathy as the patient pleases, and of the pastors who are ready to preach Universalism or eternal damnation as a majority of the congregation may desire. The Republican party was not built up by charlatanry, and cannot be saved by it. It must be led by men who dislike Butler not because he has become useless, but because no good cause can be served by him or his kind.

#### THE CONSTITUENCY OF THE NATIONALS.

TO describe the National party as the party of discontent, as it has been called, does not convey much information, and is entirely uninformative in regard to means by which it may be disarmed or dissipated. Every new party is a party of discontent. What individualizes a party is that which is the cause of its dissatisfaction and the methods by which it proposes, in its changes and reforms, to remove what is objectionable and to amend the condition of things. The Socialists of Europe are thus a party of discontent, but there is little in the present American movement which is closely cognate with the popular agitation in France or Germany. The Nationals are not Communists, and there is no use in trying to make them out such. The few men who displayed the red flag in Brooklyn last summer add but a small contingent to the new party. It is not they who are putting the public faith and the material prosperity of the nation in danger. In fact, there has been too much of the cry of Communism in the campaign. In this country, as yet, there is no scheme fairly afoot for the levelling of private property or the regeneration of society. Kearney has led many people, who are easily frightened, astray upon this matter. He was merely a noisy fellow, without anything that could properly be called a following, who has obtained notoriety as a novelty. Men similar to him undoubtedly swell the ranks of the National party, but they are merely social camp-followers, the material which make up the vicious and mob-loving class in all cities. To look on Kearneyism or on Socialism as the causes of the present wave of political change is not merely to make an error but it is to miss the real object of danger. Wherever Communism exists the keynote is of a different sort, and there is something of its nobler and ideal side, its cry of humanity, its vision of universal kindness among men; but with these there is no sign of sympathy in our American politics. The National party is a home product; it gathers up and mingles with itself many elements, but essentially it springs from our own economic difficulties and trials. It has a place in practical politics, it has defined its immediate aim, it has declared its method: it looks for an immediate success not merely in the sense of winning a great political victory, but in restoring material prosperity, in setting mills and factories in motion, and invigorating all trade and industry.

The men who make up the party are uncounted, and the estimate of their numbers exists only in the vague fear of threatened political defeat. It is clear from this ignorance as well as from direct report that the constituency of the party is recruited to an alarming extent from men not open ordinarily to plans of repudiation, but who are on the whole industrious, intelligent, and respectable. In New-England the farmers, who have had the benefit of whatever public schools could give them, have joined the party in large numbers apparently, and throughout the West this class forms the largest portion of the Nationals. Many of these men were sincere patriots in the war; they are not regardless of the nation's honor, and will assent to payment of the bonds in whatever the Supreme Court shall declare to be lawful money for that purpose, but for themselves and the country at large they demand greenbacks. They are, of course, the debt-owing class. They are told, truly enough, that the money they received for their mortgages and notes was of not much more than half the purchasing power of the money they are now compelled to pay to redeem these. On the other hand, it

is vastly more difficult to get money now than then. They have seen times grow worse, the prices of their products lessen, harder earning and harder saving, and less and less hope of discharging their debts, and the prospect of their standing again where they can begin to provide a competency for their old age is constantly receding. The solution which the greenback party offers for their difficulties seems plain, simple, and, to them at least, without substantial dishonesty. Inflation will bring high prices, but that is what they are longing for, since they expect to produce more than they consume and to obtain a larger margin for saving. Inflation will make money worth less, but that is what they desire. In short, their plans look to bringing back the purchasing power of money to the same standard which it had when their own debts were contracted, and to the bringing back of the same condition of things, as regards exchange of commodities, which obtained when, under the impression that that condition would be permanent, they contracted debts which a continuance of their prosperity then would have allowed them to discharge. Paper money made those times, they think, and paper money will bring them back. If it be urged, finally, that the last result will be a repetition of general bankruptcy, they think they will be bright enough to keep out of it the next time.

That this course of thought and condition of mind exist among many of the middle classes—among the men, that is to say, on whose integrity and political sense legislation depends for its own honesty and wisdom—has been clear for some time. Their unexpected activity in attempting to realize ideas in which few political leaders agreed with them, is all that is new in the situation. They have joined the operatives and workmen of the towns and cities, who have been more vociferous and who wish inflation as the concomitant of high wages and employment, with which it before appeared, and this party is organized and formidable. Undoubtedly there is a large element in it which represents unadulterated dishonesty, and which is deliberately endeavoring to make the sharp practice of their private business a rule of public policy; but the fact that the body of the party contains so many industrious, intelligent, and respectable men is the hopeful side of the situation. These latter have not thought out the situation, and the strength of the greenback movement is the crudity of its thought. When information is given to the voters, and such clear, concise, and striking statements of financial facts and laws are being made as are contained in the speeches of the President, of Garfield and Schurz and Bayard—when these are discussed everywhere and the material for judgment placed fully before the voters, the effect cannot fail to be marked. The further problems appear, the minor issues of ways and means of maintaining Government currency, the question of administrative detail, the dangers of centralized financial power, the recollection of the older men about the earlier political struggles over the financial questions before the war—all these come to the surface, and there must follow a great modification in the views and support of the main body of the new party. This is what makes ultimate Republican success probable, if that party continues to hold the pronounced position it has now taken. The danger, however, is not to be obscured by hopes of its speedy passing away. At present there is a numerous and sanguine party which looks to making the Government the author and controller of the currency directly, and at placing in the hands of successive Congresses the virtual command of the rate at which all private debts shall be compounded for, from month to month. This may be done merely from ignorance, from a wish to do something, no matter what, to relieve the burden of debt, or from other causes. But it must be met by the diffusion of information in regard to facts, by printed statistics, by strong, earnest, and uncompromising statements of the inevitable failure of the hopes of the greenback party wherever it may gain the ascendant. It has been pointed out that the greenback party is strong now where last year it was weak, and that it has disappeared virtually from places where last year it was rampant. This indicates that discussion and new knowledge are fatal to it, and is evidence to the Republicans that, now that they have fastened once more on a principle, as Mr. Curtis said at Sara-

toga, they ought not to let it go until the currency is finally withdrawn from party politics by a final redemption of all paper dollars of the Government.

#### THE TEXTURE OF LAND IN ENGLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Cincinnati Gazette* writing from London the other day gave some interesting information about the salary of the English bishops, and, by way of illustrating the nature of the rector's property in the glebe and church and churchyard, compared it to the estates of the great landowners, saying: "Nearly all the large estates in the kingdom are under the law of entail—that is, the descent is fixed, and the owner cannot sell it or change the course of descent. However, when all interested parties are agreed, the estate may be disentailed by special act of Parliament." This passage has been widely copied, and falls in with the belief popularly held in this country about English land-tenures, but there is hardly a word of truth in it. There are no entailed estates in England; the law makes them impossible. It is true a man may entail his estate by will to his heirs male or heirs female, but any tenant in tail can under the Statute 3 and 4, Will. IV., chap. 74, by filing a deed in the manner there prescribed bar the entail and acquire the property in fee and dispose of it in any manner he pleases, provided there is no person entitled to a life-estate in it, in which case he must obtain that person's consent. There almost always is such a person, so that it is not often that a tenant in tail can convert the property into fee simple; but this is due not to the operation of law, but to custom embodied in what are called "marriage settlements," freely made by the persons owning the property, and it is these which foreigners constantly take for perpetual entails. When a man owning an estate marries he usually "settles" his property by a deed, giving it to himself for life, and then, to secure his wife's jointure and portions for his younger children, to his eldest son, and then to his other sons successively in tail, in case the eldest has no issue; then to his daughters as tenants in common in tail, "with cross-remainders"—that is, the interest of each going to the others on her death without issue—and finally, in case of failure of all issue and death of the wife, back to himself in fee. This is all the entailing that is ever done or can be done, and it only goes beyond the power of entail in the State of New York in the fact that it gives the estate to persons not in being at the time of the settlement. Perpetual entail has not been known in England since *Taltarum's case*, in the time of Edward IV., as all students of Blackstone are aware, the judges at that time having introduced the power of alienation by the clumsy legal fiction known as "fine and recovery," which was abolished by the act of Will. IV. Practically, except in the case of estates granted for public services, such as Marlborough's, Nelson's, and Wellington's, no estate can now be entailed longer than the lives of persons in existence and twenty-one years thereafter.

In the ordinary course of things the property, on the death of the father, passes under the settlement to the eldest son, who takes it subject to his mother's jointure and the portions due to his younger brothers and sisters; but if he has not joined his father in resettling it, he can, subject to these encumbrances, do what he pleases with it. Usually, however, he does join his father in resettling it, on his coming of age or on his getting married, in order to adapt it to altered circumstances. He may, for instance, be willing to agree, in consideration of an allowance given him by his father, to join in increasing his mother's jointure or the portions of his younger brothers and sisters, and, in any case, he will wish to fix anew the course the estate is to take after his death, and thus the settlement is pushed one generation farther forward. But all this is the result of family feeling, enforced and sustained by the opinion of the class. A man need not make this kind of settlement on his marriage if he does not choose; a son need not join his father in resettling the property if he does not choose. A man may keep his land in fee, and convert it into fee, if he pleases, and leave it to his children share and share alike, after satisfying the claims of tenants for life, if there are any. There is nothing in the law to hinder him. What does hinder him is tradition and prejudice, and the strong desire of his sons and daughters "to keep the family up" and have the credit of belonging to it, rather than put an end to its prominence and distinction by dividing the property. Undoubtedly great hardship and great evil often result from this custom, and it seems on its face a violation of natural justice, but it is to the bulk of Englishmen of the upper and middle class consecrated by usage, and seems part of the fitness of things. Every manufacturer and merchant looks forward as the object of his highest ambition to buying an estate in land and settling and resettling it in just this manner, in tail male or tail female, with remainders and cross-remainders, and his sons may impose on Ameri-

cans and Frenchmen with stories of strict entail which nothing but the omnipotence of Parliament can bar, but there is no such thing within his reach.

Similar errors constantly float through our newspapers and political speeches about the law of primogeniture in England. The popular notion is that by the law of England property in land *must* go to the eldest son. It will be seen from what we have said above how little foundation there is for this. The "law of primogeniture" prescribes that in case the owner of an estate in fee dies without a will the land shall go to the eldest son. But there are only very few owners of estates in fee, and they hardly ever die intestate. In fact, landed property, owing to the practice of settlement, rarely passes even by will, and almost never by the Statute of Distributions. We doubt if there are fifty landowners in England who hold under the rule of primogeniture. The English owner of a fee can dispose of it by will, just as he can here. He may give it all to his daughters, or to his youngest child, or to a hospital, just as he pleases. The reason which usually leads him to leave it to his eldest son is the one which influences American fathers in dividing their possessions equally among their children—education and public opinion. There are in England strong opponents of this custom of primogeniture for reasons which were ably set forth by Mr. G. C. Broderick in the volume of 'Cobden Club Essays' for 1871-2; and they would, if they had their way, destroy it by legislation; but this legislation would have to take the form of interference with freedom of bequest, somewhat like that which prevails in France under the Code, and, once entered on, it would be difficult to confine it to real estate. If successful, it would have an effect on English society reaching far beyond a mere change in the law of real property. It would democratize it in a way to which no approach has been made by the reforms of the last sixty years. What keeps English society essentially aristocratic in its upper strata, and proud of aristocracy in its lower strata, is the prominence of families as distinguished from individuals, and the degree to which individuals are helped and dignified by family prominence. If the customary disposition of property which maintains the family distinction, and makes one member of it at least a man of weight, were prohibited, there would probably be a very rapid transfer of political power to the "Poor Boy" and "Self-Made Man," and a complete disappearance of the individual weight and influence which still enables English politicians in a greater or less degree to guide public opinion, and even in some cases to stand against it; for there is no doubt that the men of no family in particular, of whom there are many brilliant examples in English politics, derive more or less force and courage from the state of things which aristocratic politics has created—that is, from the self-confidence which even ordinary men derive from having a "house" behind them. The class on which the present social arrangements press hardest is the daughters, who are mercilessly sacrificed on the family altar. The younger sons eke out their scanty portions in the professions, or seek fortunes of their own in emigration; but the daughters are turned out of their homes when their father dies, and, if unmarried, often lead on small incomes, all over England and the Continent, forlorn lives, which they try in a pathetic way to dignify by allusions to their "high connections" and bygone magnificence.

#### THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—X.

##### FRENCH PAINTING.—II.

PARIS, August 28, 1878.

THE five landscapes of M. L. G. Pelouse are among the most attractive and satisfactory pictures in the galleries. Perhaps the finest of them is "The Valley of Cernay" (it should be remarked that the titles of his pictures are given with geographical exactitude; he means each work to be taken as a portrait of the place named; this view has been taken in the Department of Seine-et-Oise). This is a large upright picture, showing a foreground in tangled woods, the trees not large nor very thick-set, but all the foreground dense with undergrowth. It seems to be autumn; the higher trees have shed most of their leaves, while still the saplings and underbrush are green, as is the fashion in American woods as well as in middle France; the ground is deep with dry leaves that have accumulated in low places. The tree-trunks and branches are carefully studied and beautiful in arrangement, the drawing of the low bushes very charming, and between the tree-trunks is a pure, pale sky delicately graded. This picture was in the Salon of 1873. A picture of about the same size, and also of woodland, from the Salon of 1876, is called "Woodcutting at Senlisse (Seine-et-Oise)." Here also it is autumn, but the barred clouds of a warm and glowing sunset are seen between the



trees, which are drawn upon the sky in strong *silhouette*. These pictures are worthy to be hung beside the landscapes of any living men of any school. In trying to compare them with the best landscapes in the other galleries here, one is led to wish that in some future exhibition a Landscape Room might be organized, in which picked and representative landscape paintings of different nationalities might hang side by side. Judging by the present Exhibition, it would not need to be large. The French school of landscape painting may be supposed to be well represented, but certainly we should not wish to take from it the work of more than six or seven painters to put in competition with the best of other nations. Of other nations it is not possible to judge; they may not be adequately represented in their exhibits here; but it is certainly strange that so very few landscapes come from England, the country which the Continent takes to be entirely given over to that branch of art. But to return to M. Pelouse, who would assuredly be one of the chosen delegates from France to such a congress, his other three pictures here are all of interest, and all are from the Northern coast region, from the Departments of Finisterre and Manche. In the Salon this year he has two admirable pictures; evidently he is a large producer, and it is greatly to be wished that pictures of his should be taken to America by some of the picture-buyers. None of this year's pictures, however, are marked with the star which means "still in the artist's possession."

M. A. E. Pointelin has but one picture in this year's Salon and one in the Exhibition. As M. Pelouse works in Brittany, so M. Pointelin's pictures come from the other extremity—from Burgundy and the frontiers of Switzerland. The Exhibition picture, which is not given the place it should have, is called "A Table-land in the [Department of the] Jura." It was in the Salon of 1876 and was bought by the Government, though the artist seems to have received no other recognition. The picture of this year is perhaps the finer of the two, "A Plain in the Côte-d'Or." Slender trees seen against a tranquil sky, low banks and broken country, stretch of grass-grown upland, and subdued light and color, seem to be this painter's chosen department. His talent is seen from fewer points of view than that of M. Pelouse; but in each case it seems that these French naturalistic landscape painters are cautious, and are limiting themselves to simple subjects and avoiding mountains and crags, and great panoramic effects, and *tours de force* of all kinds. Certainly they are busy in painting nature for nature's sake, and it is a way of work which will hold its own.

M. C. Bernier paints landscapes on a very large scale. His picture of "Sabot-makers in the Woods of Quimerch, Finisterre," is remarkable in this respect, for the foreground tree-trunks are perhaps one-fifth the size (the *scale*, that is) of nature. Nor must the reader suppose that the picture is any the worse for that. These big trees are exceedingly solid and well-rooted, and the perspective of the forest, with the distance among the trunks, very skilfully and artistically managed. "A Farm at Banalec, Finisterre," is another strong picture. The observation of nature is not so delicate, the rendering of tree-form not so subtle, as in the works of the two men named before. The design is more like the work of the older men, and may be considered as a piece of transition from the painting of effects to the painting of natural scenery.

The work of M. A. Segé is perhaps more naturalistic. His picture, "The Oaks of Kertregonnec, Finisterre," is one of the ornaments of the French Gallery—a landscape of singular beauty, in spite of very visible defects. The foreground is dark green in general effect. There are no shadows. It seems all to be in the shadow of a light cloud. The middle distance, where the oaks are, is in a more defined cloud-shadow, and the six strangely-formed trees, drawn out in line, rise in dark masses against a distant country in full sunshine and a light sky. It is a little theatrical. It does not reward close examination and long acquaintance quite so well as it promises, but strikes the eye at once with all it has to show. Still, in spite of that, it is one of the important landscapes of the Exhibition. It is from the Salon of 1870 and the Museum of the Luxembourg. "Les Chaumes, Eure-et-Loire," shows a flat field with sheep, yellow stubble, and, beyond, a crowded village, the houses set thick together, as if seeking mutual protection, as is the fashion of farming villages in some parts of France. The portrait of this little hamlet, taken from a half-mile distance across the fields, is graceful and pretty. The plain stretches away like the sea, and a far-distant church rises out of its hazy blue like a mountain.

Of Charles-François Daubigny, recently dead, there are nine pictures, several of them very large; but no one of them is quite equal to the one or two pictures in which he seems to add other men's talents to his own, and to paint with a lightness and delicacy not common to him. Such rare

pictures are not all in the national collections; it is not long since one was for sale here in Paris which had a charm unknown to the large canvases now in the Exhibition; it may well be that they belong to an earlier time. His apparent determination to paint nothing but grey mottled skies, with enough dark earth below to give the skies some light and space by contrast, seems to have led to a monotony of gloom which cannot but be regretted. To take the most attractive picture, perhaps, of the five very large ones here, "Les Coquelicots," there is a fine distance, flat and large, stretching away toward the horizon in a way that is a sure sign of the true landscape painter; the foreground, half-covered with the big red poppies, is a beautiful piece of decoration, the subdued reds managed with a skill to excite envy in the mind of the most trained designer, and among them a grey donkey admirably painted, a picture in himself; over all bends a firmament of dappled clouds, with some rather refined gradation of color. Why is all this in the dark? It is not evening nor morning twilight; it is like a picture seen in a dark room; the contrast one longs for between sky and earth, the *high-light*, so to speak, of the sky, the artist has chosen to ignore, as it seems to us with ruinous effect. There are some denials one does not make with impunity; art allows of almost any road toward excellence, but to leave the weight and mass out of mountains, the sense of true growth and natural ramification out of trees, or the light out of the sky, is to ruin your landscape—that is, as a landscape; there is still a chance for it as a decorative panel, and this picture is fine in that way, as has been said above. No. 228, "Snow," is especially admirable among these paintings. It is soft and black-and-white and "sloshy," like melting snow under a cloudy sky. No. 225, "Spring," is spring without spring foliage, and it is odd to find that called by the vernal name which has the hues of autumn. The work of this artist is really of many degrees of excellence, and though all is able and strong, all is not equally delightful. Moreover, these things that annoy one in pictures of value would remain unobserved—along with all the rest—in pictures which did not enchain attention and demand study.

The younger Daubigny has two pictures in the same room with those we have been describing of his father. One of them is a curious contrast with No. 225, for it is spring, indeed, though not so called, all pale-green foliage and white blossoms—a very lovely little picture. And in the same room M. Defaux has a picture of precisely similar subject with, and very like to, M. K. Daubigny's picture. These two need to be seen more closely; they don't bear being hung on the second line, for in these galleries the light is none too strong, and the "dado" is very high—probably for monumental effect and dignity—over three feet; so that, if a fairly large picture is on the line, the second line finds its horizon ten feet above the floor, which is too high for the examination of delicate work. These unlucky galleries! In the gloomy weather we are having this August the pictures in some of the rooms, as notably in the small rooms of the British section, cannot be seen at all for days together; and it often happens that one seizes the opportunity granted by a moment of clear sky to hasten through a furlong of rooms to see something remembered in a dark corner—which has become as dark as ever when it is gained.

But M. Lavieille's works can be seen, for they are on the line in a brightly-lighted room. This artist is put down as a pupil of Corot, but is not a very young man, although his work continues to be very like that of his teacher. Resemblance and imitation apart, it has many of the graces which we find in Corot's work.

Madame La Villette ought, perhaps, to have been named among the painters who seem to be naturalistic in their tendencies. This artist's preference is for the bright light and color of out-of-doors, rather than the conventional twilight supposed necessary for so much of landscape art of our time; and the pictures are interesting. Of M. Masure's work this could be said, and more than this. But in the Salon this year are two pictures of his, unfortunately almost exactly like one another, and as each is very much like this, one is a little chilled in the natural admiration excited by the skilfully-painted sea and the agreeable landscape. There are too many instances of an artist repeating a successful piece of painting until it is mechanical, and has lost all charm.

Without naming other landscape painters, the exigencies of space require that we should go back to the subject of a former letter, and consider some of the pictures which are, in the best sense, peculiarly French—pictures of effect, the work of painters whom painters love, as Miss Mitford might have said. And first we will take Jean-François Millet, who indeed is not represented in the Exhibition, but who is so great and so recent an influence in French art that it is well that the Rue La Fayette

gallery is open contemporaneously to show to students the three-score works of his there collected from the galleries of half as many owners. Millet is the gentlest of artists, the least theatrical, the simplest; his pictures are small, rather deep than bright in color, exceedingly simple in subject; nearly all relate to country life, and that of the humblest peasantry. His field laborers are the unadorned verity, in dress and occupation; he does not select; he gives his peasant a fork and sets him to spreading manure as readily as ever Leopold Robert brought home his dancing and ribbon-bedecked harvesters. But to all these poor people is given a dignity which your heroes and martyrs generally have to go without in art. The historical painters might learn of Millet how to be grand, if they could learn such a thing. In "The Angelus," belonging to Mr. Wilson, and now on view, Rue Laflitte, two peasants in the fields at evening hear the bell across the country, and stop work for the momentary prayer; it is not a large picture, perhaps four feet long, but what largeness and simplicity of treatment, what pathos in the subject, and what a strange dignity, as of human nature embodied, in the two village people in sabots and coarse woollen! Now it is always a most fascinating subject of enquiry: the reasons for great artistic merit in a work of art—the physical causes of a moral effect; that in which consists the value and beauty of a work of art, in what touches, what tints, what peculiarities of handiwork. It is the most tempting enquiry possible; but unluckily everybody has to pursue it for himself, and only a little can be expressed in words for the edification and help of others. It seems so small a cause for such a great result, when you word it. Your interlocutor says, "Pray tell me where do you see the marked excellence, the unusual beauty and strength you speak of?" and when you explain, your words sound weak to yourself, and are easily forgotten by your Telemachus. To return to sculpture for a moment: the splendid work of Paul Dubois, mentioned in former letters, has something in it which reminds one charmingly of the early Italians, of Donatello, and a bright pupil can see that, if it is pointed out judiciously. He can see that resemblance, if both Dubois and Donatello are in presence; but suppose a complete ignorance of the older master, and an attempt to explain the peculiar charm and value of the living one by comparison to the inferior work around. The difficulty is that artistic superiority lies in such a thin layer of marble, in such a hair-breadth of line on paper, in such indescribable *nuances* of color on canvas.

And so with Millet. The peaceful dignity of his figures seems to lie in the simplicity of the means by which the effects of attitude, drapery, and surface are produced. It is necessary to paint the skirt of a girl at work so that it shall look like woollen, and like drapery in folds, and of a certain blue; and Millet does it easily, with few touches, with little display of skill. The folds and creases of a man's sleeve are actually the only means by which the movement of the arm is indicated; many painters, and good ones too, put elaborate work into that, and succeed. Horace Vernet was famous for his knowledge of all the gestures and movements of a soldier, as shown in the folds of his clothing. But this Millet does without cutting up the general mass of his figure into disconnected parts, his work is united, single; and from this, together with a most lovely and mellow system of color, not elaborate but skilfully made the most of, it comes that he gives to his humble figures an artistic dignity which others do not get—perhaps do not think of nor care for. He has made one or two splendid etchings, among a number of slight ones, and those contain the same strange power and virtue. It is an art that lacks versatility, many-sidedness, variety; it is limited; one is not of the few immortals when one can willingly confine one's self to so small a range. But, after all, it is not quite the same thing to be referred back to some giant of the sixteenth century. It is good to go there and sit at the feet of Luini (and just now there are frescoes, newly added to the Louvre by Luini and his school, of the greatest beauty). But we look to the art of our contemporaries for the modern sentiments, for pathos, for humble tragedy, for sympathy with poverty and the shadowed life of labor, and find all this supremely well expressed in the works of Millet.

R. S.

#### IN SCOTLAND.—I.

EDINBURGH, September 25, 1878.

NOW that the metropolis is so inanimate I hardly need apologize to you for writing from a livelier place than London. It is not making an exorbitant claim for Edinburgh to say that at present it deserves this description, for it has simply gained by the departed life of its sister capi-

tal. This afternoon, with a military band playing in the long green garden below Princes Street, in the shadow of the magnificent mass of the Castle Rock, with a host of well-dressed people collected to listen to the music; with the brilliant terrace above adorned with prosperous hotels and besprinkled with tourists divided between the attractions of shop-fronts and the striking picture formed by the Old Town and its high-perched citadel—this admirable Edinburgh looked like a very merry place. Scotland is a highly convenient play-ground for English idlers, and Edinburgh, during the early autumn, comes in for a great deal of the bustle produced by the ebb of the southern tide. For the last six weeks this annual current has been irrigating (not to say irritating) the Scottish moors and mountains; and it is hardly too much to say that at this period you must come to Scotland to see what England is about.

When I came hither myself, a little more than a fortnight ago, there were still plenty of members of the large class which has autumnal leisure to spare, hurrying northward. The railway-carriages were occupied, and the platforms of the stations ornamented, by ladies and gentlemen in shooting-jackets of every pattern and hue. I say "ladies" advisedly, for the fairer members of these groups had every appearance of being sporting characters. I do not know what may be the feminine costume of this particular period in America, but here it consists of a billycock hat with a very small brim, a standing collar of a striped or figured linen, like that belonging to a "fancy" shirt, a scarf in a sailor's knot, a coachman's overcoat, made of some cross-barred material like the nether integuments of a "nigger-minstrel," and a petticoat clinging as closely as a pair of tight trousers and effectually completing the illusion. The proper accessories of such a figure are a gentleman draped rather more redundantly, and an aggregation of luggage consisting of a good many baskets and bath tubs, of several *fascies* of fishing-rods, and divers gun-cases that look like carpet-bags flattened and elongated by steam-pressure; the whole set off by a couple of delightful setters or retrievers fastened to the handle of a trunk, and, amid the bustle of the railway-platform, turning themselves about and sniffing at this and that in touching bewilderment. A friend of mine, an American, was once asked to mention the two features of English life which had made most impression on him. He hesitated a moment, and then he said, "The dogs and the children." The children apart, it is worth coming to Scotland simply to encounter the very flower of the canine race—the beautiful silken-eared animals that follow in the train of the happy Englishmen who have hired a moor at a thousand pounds for six weeks' grouse-shooting. England is certainly the paradise of dogs; nowhere are they better appreciated and understood. But Scotland is their seventh heaven. Of course all the Englishmen who cross the Tweed have not paid a thousand pounds down as the basis of their entertainment, though the number of gentlemen who have permitted themselves this fancy appears to be astonishing. Tourists of the more vulgar pattern, who have simply come to enjoy the beauties of nature and to read the quotations, in the guide-books, from Sir Walter Scott, are extremely numerous, and Scotland, as regards some of the provisions that she makes for them, takes on the air of a humbler Switzerland. One must admit, however, that though the Scotch inns are much better than the English, they do not push their easy triumph very far; they bear the same relation to the Swiss hotels that the scenery of the Highlands does to that of the Alps. But if their merits are not unalloyed, it is not for want of resolution—as, for instance, in the matter of the table d'hôte. The table d'hôte in the British Islands is essentially an importation, an exotic, a drooping and insalubrious flame. But like all new converts the Scotch innkeepers are immoderate; they are of the opinion that of a good thing there can never be too much. A couple of days since, at Stirling, I was invited to be present at a table d'hôte at half-past eight A.M. The idea was sufficient to make the bodies of Meurice and Francatelli turn over in their graves. I am bound to admit, however, that I countenanced this matutinal heresy by my presence; and I again had occasion to reflect upon the extreme punctuality with which, in the British organism, the desire for copious supplies of animal food asserts itself. A week ago, at a table d'hôte at Ballater, just after the company had seated itself, there came a great thump at the head of the table—a rap which caused me to start with the apprehension that I had inadvertently introduced myself into a spiritualistic *séance*. I was speedily reassured—a gentleman growled out a "grace." Nothing, in effect, could have been less spiritual than this performance; but I wondered what, even from a material point of view, the shades of Francatelli and Meurice thought of it.



"This admirable Edinburgh," I said just now; and I must venture to emphasize the fresh approbation of a susceptible stranger. The night of my arrival here was a superb one; the full moon had possession of a cloudless sky. I saw, on my way from the station, that it was working wonders on some very remunerative material; so that after a very brief delay I came forth into the street, and presently wandered all over the place. There is no street in Europe more spectacular than Princes Street, where all the hotels stand in a row, looking off, across the long green gulf that divides the New Town from the Old, at the dark, rugged mass of the latter section. But on the evening of which I speak Princes Street was absolutely operatic. The radiant moon hung right above the Castle and the ancient houses that keep it company on its rocky pedestal, and painted them over with a thousand silvery, ghostly touches. They looked fantastic and ethereal, like the battlements of a magician's palace. I had not gone many steps from my hotel before I encountered the big gothic monument to Scott, which rises on the edge of the terrace into which Princes Street practically resolves itself. Viewing it in the broad daylight of good taste, I am not sure that I greatly care for this architectural effort, which, as all the world knows, consists of a colossal canopy erected above a small seated image of the great romancer. It looks a little too much like a steeple without a church, or like a hat a great deal too big for the head it covers. But the other night, in the flattering moonlight, it presented itself in all respects so favorably that I found myself distinctly what the French call *ému*, and said to myself that it was a grand thing to have deserved so well of one's native town that she should build a towering temple in one's honor. Sir Walter's great canopy is certainly an object which a member of the scribbling fraternity may contemplate with a sort of reflex complacency. I carried my reflex complacency—a rather awkward load—up the Calton Hill, whose queer jumble of monuments and colonnades looked really sublime in the luminous night, and then I descended into the valley and watched the low, black mass of Holyrood Palace sleeping in its lonely outlying corner, where Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat seemed rather to lose than to define themselves in the clarified dusk. The sight of all this really splendid picturesqueness suggested something that has occurred to me more than once since I have been in Scotland—the idea, namely, that if that fine quality of Scotch conceit which, if I mistake not, all the world recognizes, is, as I take it to be, the most robust thing of its kind in the world, the wonder after all is not great. I have said to myself during the last fortnight that if I were a Scotchman I too should be conceited, and that I should especially avail myself of this privilege if I were a native of Edinburgh. I should be proud of a great many things. I should be proud of belonging to a country whose capital is one of the most romantic and picturesque in Europe. I should be proud of Scott and Burns, of Wallace and Bruce, of Mary Stuart and John Knox, of the tremendously long list of Scotch battles and heroic deeds. I should brag about the purple of the heather and the colors of the moors, and I should borrow a confidence (which indeed I should be far from needing) from the bold, masculine beauty of my native mountains. Above all, I should take comfort in belonging to a country in which natural beauty and historical association are blended only less perfectly than they are blended in Italy and Greece; whose physiognomy is so intensely individual and homogeneous, and, as the artists say, has so much style.

I am afraid, however, that I am sketching here a fancy picture of Scottish conceit; the chief characteristic of this great gift being its extreme independence—the fact that it is much more personal than national. An Englishman believes in England and a Frenchman in France, but a Scotchman believes in—a Scotchman. The acute Scotch intellect—the *perferendum ingenium*—believes in itself. Of the frankness with which it can acknowledge national shortcomings I find an interesting example in a speech which Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's, who was lately the successful candidate for the chair of Poetry at Oxford, has just had occasion to deliver at Edinburgh. The main subject of his remarks was the existing defects in some portions of the present Scotch educational system; but before he had done he devoted some observations to a cognate topic—the tone of Scotch manners. These he described as rather rough and rude, dry and wanting in urbanity; and he attributed the defect to the influence of those two principles which he declared to be paramount on this side of the Tweed—sectarianism and the love of money. "Mr. Matthew Arnold had spoken of the uncivilizedness of Glasgow. That was strong language; but he dared not deny it when he remembered what he himself had seen in walking down the High Street of Glasgow on a Saturday night—a spectacle of human hideousness of which, he believed, no other civilized country could pro-

duce a parallel." Among various remedies for this state of things Principal Shairp, as befits a professor of poetry, recommends the perusal of the great bards and the cultivation of music. I am afraid the poets and singers would quite lose their way in Glasgow High Street. It is not for a visitor who has received none but delightful impressions to pretend to agree with Principal Shairp; but there is nothing invidious in saying that an American coming into Scotland after a residence in England cannot fail to be struck with the democratic tone of the common people. They address you as from equal to equal, they are not in the least cap-in-hand, and they are frugal—almost miserly—in the use of the "sir." This is as good a basis of good manners as any other, though of course one can't answer for it when Principal Shairp's "sectarianism" comes in. But I have really no business even to quote such expressions. I have encountered in Scotland but a single sect—the sect whose religion is hospitality.

## Correspondence.

### GREEK TOMBSTONE RELIEFS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is well known that the transfer to the United States of the Di Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities was not regarded with complacency by the archaeological students of Europe. They considered the proper resting-place of such a collection to be where it could be easily accessible to the majority of scholars chiefly interested in its study and best able to use it. It may not, however, be as well known that the same scholars are put to a similar discomfort by the transportation to America, by tourists, of other articles of equal archaeological importance. That such treasures should be brought to this country is certainly a ground for congratulation among Americans; but this very circumstance lays upon their present possessors the duty of preventing them from becoming practically valueless, by encouraging efforts to make them available to the greater world of scholars on the other side of the ocean. It is in an effort of this kind that the writer seeks to interest the readers of the *Nation*, and in particular those most directly concerned.

Professor Conze, of the Royal Museum of Antiquities in Berlin, is at present engaged, under the patronage of the Vienna Academy, in the preparation of a work on Greek tombstone reliefs. No pains have been spared to make the projected work as complete and exhaustive as possible, more than 28,000 florins having been already spent in the preparation and purchase of photographs for it. While the greater part of the materials for Professor Conze's work are either in Greece or in the museums of Western Europe, he has been informed by dealers in antiquities in Athens that a not inconsiderable number of Greek tombstone reliefs and inscriptions, some of them of importance, have been bought by American tourists and are now in the United States. It is the attention of these gentlemen that the writer desires specially to attract; for Professor Conze's work will lack completeness unless photographs and descriptions of the antiquities in America are also consulted and included, photographs and descriptions which the author is exceedingly anxious to obtain.

The writer, accordingly, urgently requests all Americans who have such antiquities in their possession, whether private persons or guardians of museums, kindly to inform him of their address, giving at the same time a brief statement of the size or nature of the relief or inscription in question. On receiving these items, he hopes to make special arrangements by which photographs may be taken and scientific descriptions made for Professor Conze's use.

The importance of such tombstone reliefs and inscriptions in illustrating an interesting phase of old Greek life has recently been pointed out by Professor Mahaffy in his 'Rambles and Studies in Greece,' and more recently with greater fulness of detail by Percy Gardner in his essay "The Greek Mind in the Presence of Death" (*Contemporary Review*, December, 1877).

JOHN H. WRIGHT.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER, N. H., Oct. 2, 1878.

## Notes.

THE 'Publishers' Trade-List Annual' for 1878 has made its appearance with gratifying evidence of the general co-operation of the trade. Mr. Leypoldt states in his preface that a French Annual is projected, in addition to the English, German, and Italian imitators of the American.

He promises to insert regularly hereafter a short-title index to all works in the 'Annual' not contained in the 'American Catalogue' now on the press.—Charles Scribner's Sons have published a new edition, considerably revised by the author, of Prof. Perry's 'Political Economy.' The preface, now for the first time written, pleasantly describes the causes which led to the writing of the work, and makes some acknowledgments of special indebtedness.—Porter & Coates will publish next month a ' Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry,' both English and American, collected and arranged by Henry T. Coates. It will be illustrated with steel engravings and very thoroughly indexed.—A Life of the late Charles J. Mathews, the comedian, has been undertaken by Charles Dickens. Other English announcements are a 'History of Sennacherib,' translated from the cuneiform inscriptions by the late George Smith, and edited by the Rev. A. H. Sayce; 'The Bibliography of Ruskin,' prose and verse, from 1835 to the present time, privately printed by R. H. Shepherd; 'A Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain'; and 'Karamania; or, Life in Asiatic Turkey,' a book of travel in Cilicia, Isauria, and parts of Lycaonia and Cappadocia, by the Rev. E. J. Davis.—Eduard von Hartmann contemplates publishing this month his new work on Ethics, which is to complete his system of philosophy.—Late musical intelligence from Europe is to the effect that Verdi's new opera, "Montezuma," in five acts, is shortly to be brought out at the Scala, in Milan; that Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" was performed for the first time in Munich on September 15 ("Siegfried" had already been performed several times with great success), and that the composer began on the 22d at Leipzig a series of performances of the same drama.

—Students of European history will find the 'Stammtafeln,' by H. Grote, of Hanover, published last year at Leipzig, very serviceable. They profess to be the only thoroughly scientific genealogical tables ever published, and this scientific character is defined as consisting in the uniform practice of placing under one another only persons who stand in the same line of descent, and side by side only persons in the same degree; by this the tables possess the precision of a map. There are 452 of these, occupying 526 pages, beginning with the Achaemenidae of Persia and ending with the Bishops of Dorpat—for not the least valuable feature of the book is the lists of Bishops, Abbots, Grand Masters, etc. There is, however, one important reservation. The tables were drawn up by the compiler to assist him in his numismatic studies (they have been forty years in preparation). The point of view, therefore, is not of historical but numismatic value and interest. Only those princes, it would seem, who coined money of their own right are included. While, therefore, we have every petty prince of Germany, France, and Italy, the noble families of Great Britain (and the ecclesiastics as well) are omitted. The Roman families are not given, notwithstanding the great importance of the Roman family coins in numismatology; for the reason, we suppose, that those were issued not by the heads of families as such, but by magistrates, who had the privilege of putting their personal or family devices upon the money which they coined. The coats-of-arms are minutely described, and geographical names not only have their Latin and other equivalents annexed, but are briefly described—e.g., "Bretagne, *breton*, Britannia (Little-Britain, in contrast to Great-Britain)." There follows an appendix of 24 pages, *Calendarium mediæ ævi*. Days are described in mediæval documents, it is said, either by the Roman method (as *die IX ante cal. Maias* = April 23), the modern method, or by reference to church festivals; and the six tables that follow afford a complete key to both movable and immovable festivals. Three additional tables give the Golden Number, the Sunday letter, and the union of the two, for both the Julian and the Gregorian Years, of modern as well as mediæval times—that is, the Perpetual Calendar. Of course so compressed a calendar as this does not undertake to supersede the authoritative works upon the subject, like that of Wattenbach. It is made only for handy use. The tables without the calendar are published also as the ninth volume of the compiler's 'Münzstudien.'

—The dramatized version of "Clarissa Harlowe" at Wallack's having proved, as we suspected it must, unsuccessful, was replaced a short time since by the "School for Scandal." This has now been succeeded by Holcroft's "The Road to Ruin"; and other standard comedies are to follow. The "School for Scandal" is almost the only one of Sheridan's plays which can really be said to "hold the stage." The day of "Pizarro" appears to have gone by; the taste of the theatre-going public has so totally changed that it is almost out of the question to find either actors or audiences for it. The "Critic" is seldom now brought out, probably

because the muse of *bouffe* and burlesque has run such riot of recent years that delicate extravaganza seems tame. The "Rivals" reappears at long and increasing intervals, but the "School for Scandal" seems endowed with perpetual youth. This is no doubt due to the very quality for which it has sometimes been criticised, the polish and elaboration of its wit. In bringing it out Mr. Wallack has preserved most of the play, and has not modernized the stage machinery as is sometimes done. The principal innovations appear to have been introduced in remorseless "cuts" of *Maria's* part—not a bad plan with such *Marias* as we generally have inflicted upon us, but still, to our mind, a dramatic blemish. The play is one which cannot be improved, theatrically any more than in any other way. It was written by an experienced manager, and an enormous amount of labor was spent upon it. To rearrange it, or modify it, is generally to substitute the work of an inferior hand for that of a master. The cast at Wallack's was, on the whole, very good. Mr. Gilbert's *Sir Peter Teazle* is probably as excellent a piece of acting as is to be seen on our stage, and is really now of considerable archaeological value, as Mr. Gilbert is one of the few actors we have who has a sufficient respect for conservatism and tradition to act his classical parts as they have come down from the past. His *Sir Peter* is the traditional *Sir Peter* of English comedy. It is not original, not the acting of a genius; but it is the character as Sheridan created it. If a fault is to be found with it it is that it is a little too essentially a reproduction, a picture of a character rather than a character; that is to say, you cannot see Mr. Gilbert's acting of the part without having the authorship of Sheridan brought forcibly to your mind. His *Sir Peter* is a Meissonier portrait, something to be studied with interest and wonder, which challenges the minutest scrutiny, but about which there is never any illusion. Of the remaining parts *Lady Teazle* (Miss Rose Coghlan) was perhaps best done. If any one had any doubts of Miss Coghlan's great theatrical talents her acting of this character would certainly dispel them. Her range is very wide, but comparing her *Countess Zicka* in "Diplomacy" with this part it is easy to see that she is better in comedy than in tragedy. Her acting in all the earlier scenes struck us as beyond criticism. The "screen scene," however, appeared to be too much for her. Still, it must be said that Mr. Barron's hypocritical villany as *Joseph* was made so sombre as to render her situation most trying. Mr. Coghlan's *Charles Surface* was very good, and Mr. Wallack is to be congratulated on having secured his services for the winter in place of Mr. Montague. With all respect for Mr. Montague's memory, it cannot be denied that Mr. Coghlan is a better actor.

—The past two years have witnessed the definite addition of Coney Island to the number of places that have an annual "season," and consequently afford a topic for the industrious reporter to write up. The "reportorial" imagination, however, is much affected by mere size and numbers, and the press in dealing with the subject has mainly devoted itself to taking a daily census of the afternoon Beach population, and to dwelling with surprise upon the facility and comfort with which from ten to fifty thousand men, women, and children are fed, bathed, and transported to and from New York. The "running" of the Island has been, no doubt, a remarkable feat, but not, we think, the most interesting thing in connection with it. A correspondent called attention last year in these columns to the very slight extent to which the natural advantages of the country in the neighborhood of New York have been brought into play for the amusement and recreation of the two millions of people who live within a few miles of the City Hall, and the great bulk of whom live there all the year round. Saratoga and Newport are not for them. The Catskills, which ought to be within easy reach, are really nearly a day's journey away, and hitherto the South Side of Long Island has been almost inaccessible except for determined and energetic pleasure-seekers. It has often been observed of New York that, unlike Boston, it has no "suburbs," as if Providence kindly placed "suburbs" near some cities while omitting to do so in other cases. But "suburbs" are less often given by nature than produced by the work of man; and there could not be a more striking proof of the camp-like civilization which has hitherto flourished in New York than the trifling attempts that have been made, till recently, at the improvement of the surrounding country, or its use for such purposes as Coney Island is now put to. That something is at last being done may be welcomed as a great moral step in the history of New York—an indication that the attention of the public, hitherto absorbed in the national pursuit of getting a living, is at length beginning to turn in the direction of the art of living itself. One of the principal differences between the United States and other countries has always consisted, according to foreign ob-



servers, in the disproportion between the time and thought devoted to the business of making and of spending money. The connection of this criticism with the question of "suburbs" and "resorts" is obvious. Coney Island has always presented an extraordinary opportunity for just such a use as has at last been found for it. Its peculiarity is that it is within a few miles of the city, that it is on the open ocean, and that it offers in the two miles of its length a gently graduated surf, beginning at the extreme upper end with a mere ripple, increasing to good-sized breakers at the other. The beach is a hard one, over which carriages easily make a high-road. Why have these advantages never been made use of till now? Because, it seems to us, it has only just dawned upon us as a people that the enjoyment of life may be made a subject of rational study, and hence a generation of purveyors to this rapidly-developing national taste is only just beginning to come into being. Stated mathematically, it is clear that the first thing required was the application of a large amount of capital expended for the express purpose of making the place sufficiently attractive to overcome that inertness which keeps all the human family at home until they know of some better place to go to. Twenty years ago this capital would have been expended, could it have been got for the purpose, in the erection of a gigantic and ugly hotel, and then people would have been left to go or come as they pleased. This has always been a favorite means of reducing the pleasures of life to a minimum; Niagara as it used to be might be cited as a favorable instance of its successful application. But at Coney Island all is quite different. The capital is spent with a view to attract the pleasure-seeker, and he is consequently attracted. The fact that he is not simply one of a herd to be penned up or to be let loose, but has tastes and senses, is pleased with careful and polite treatment, and dislikes to be uncivilly spoken to and brutally knocked about, is recognized and acted upon. If he bathes, he is not simply shown the water and told to strip and walk in, but is provided with a comfortable bathing-house (by far the best we have seen on the Atlantic coast), in which he finds those much-needed cautions as to his behavior as a bather the neglect of which with ignorant persons so often results in death. If he dines, he finds an excellent dinner provided for him, where he is not waited upon by a savage whose behavior makes him sigh for the days when slavery existed, but by a trained waiter who understands his business. Strangest of all, if he wishes to ride, he finds that he is not at the mercy of rapacious hack-drivers, but is absolutely in one of those regions of romance where a fixed tariff (and a very low one) prevails. For these reasons it is easy to see why Coney Island has been loudly "hailed" as a distinct addition to American civilization. That it should be the product of American ingenuity and capital, and should have proved such a mine of wealth to its creators, is an indication full of promise for the down-trodden lover of rational and healthy enjoyment, who has hitherto in the United States been looked upon as one having tastes perhaps to be tolerated, but hardly to be encouraged.

—Dr. Hanslick, the Vienna critic, contributes to the July and August numbers of the *Rundschau* two articles on musical affairs at Paris during the Exposition, from which it appears that but little has been offered there to call for enthusiasm on the part of a cultivated musician. The theatres and opera-houses are of course crowded nightly, although what they offer is neither new nor well performed. The Grand Opéra has for months confined itself to six operas: "Le Prophète," "L'Africaine," "Les Huguenots," "Tell," "Faust," and "Der Freischütz" (the latter as introduction to D'Libes's ballet "Sylvia"); and yet the manager every night pockets his twenty thousand francs, and is about to retire with a handsome fortune. The secret of his success lies in the fact that everybody buys his ticket in order to "see the house," doubtless the finest of its kind in existence, although Hanslick regards it as on the whole too "luxurious, too much overlaid with gold, too loud in its colors." The decorations, costumes, ballets, and processions are excellent, but the stage boasts "not one enchanting voice, not one true dramatic talent." This is pretty strong language, considering that it is applied to an institution which formerly led the musical world. It will sink still lower if it persists much longer in excluding from its repertoire the works of Wagner, Berlioz's magnificent "Benvenuto Cellini," which has been called a second "Fidelio" by a high authority, and the promising works of Saint-Saëns, who has now also turned his attention to the dramatic field. The Opéra Comique has also sadly degenerated since the Exposition of 1867, and has now no prominent names on its bill. Its ensemble, however, is good, and it also deserves credit for its Sunday performances of the otherwise neglected works of older masters, such as Grétry, Monsigny, and Isouard—unlike the Grand Opéra, which never goes back beyond 1830 ("Tell" and

"Robert"). As if to atone for this narrow conservatism, arrangements were made for a series of no less than sixteen orchestral and chamber concerts, to be devoted exclusively to the works of French composers since 1830. For reasons which need not be specified these concerts were soon found tiresome by the gradually-diminishing audiences. Nor was the series of "national concerts" much more successful, to judge from the accounts given in the daily papers. For financial reasons England, Austria, Belgium, and other countries were not represented in this series.

—In the department of musical instruments only the French manufacturers are at all satisfactorily represented. Germany is, of course, entirely absent, and England and America have each neglected to send their two most prominent piano firms—Broadwood and Collard, Steinway and Chickering. At the Vienna Exposition of 1873 Steinway was also amongst those absent, but his influence was extremely conspicuous, for even then his overstrung system had been almost universally adopted by the piano manufacturers of Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, and other countries. The French alone have hitherto refused to submit to "the world-conquering influence of the Steinway construction," evidently in order to cap the climax of their absurd musical conservatism. Of the Austrian pianos exhibited the best are those of Herr Ehrbar. This maker exhibits his latest invention, which consists in a contrivance, easily attached to any piano, by means of which any note or chord can be prolonged at the will of the performer, independently of the ordinary pedal. This invention must be regarded as one of great importance. Dr. Ambros says: "Hitherto the pianist has been the slave of the pedal, now he is its unlimited master." Another not so recent invention on exhibition is Wolff's "transpositeur," which enables vocalists to transpose mechanically an accompaniment to a higher or a lower key. More remarkable still than these ingenious arrangements is Mangeot's "Piano à claviers doubles renversés." This is a piano with two sets of keys or manuals, the second of which has its keys reversed so that its lowest notes correspond with the highest in the first, and vice versa. A great virtuoso can perform wonders on such an instrument, but for general use it is certainly too difficult to win favor. According to Hanslick, the point to which piano manufacturers should now direct their attention is to prevent the too rapid deterioration of pianos, due, in his opinion, to the sinking of the sounding-board. Whereas most other instruments improve with time, pianos, the most expensive of all, generally lose their value after eight or ten years' wear.

#### GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.\*

MR. GREEN has recovered the lost art of historical narration. This is his peculiar title to fame, and it is one which no contemporary English or American writer shares with him. Take, for example, the eminent historians whom Mr. Green, with equal grace and candor, acknowledges to be his "masters in the study of English history." The reputation of both Professor Stubbs and Mr. Freeman is too widely spread and too well founded for any apology to be necessary when we point to the fact that neither of them possesses the peculiar talent which distinguishes their pupil. Professor Stubbs is, for knowledge, for width of information, for soundness and weightiness of judgment in the strict sense, unrivalled. His masterly grasp of his materials, combined with his utter freedom from verbosity or from a desire for display, enables him to compress a mass of facts into an inconceivably narrow space. One of his pages contains as much matter as a dozen ordinary essays. But to these great gifts he does not add the capacity for striking narrative. He knows himself, but he does not make visible to his readers, what are the critical events of an era or what are the ruling ideas of an epoch. Mr. Freeman has a brilliancy and force of his own, but it is the brilliancy and force of an historical controversialist rather than of an historian. The habit of repetition and the mania for controversy are fatal to the production of histories which are to have beauties of form. It is the more allowable to point out the literary shortcomings of authors to whom every student owes a debt of gratitude, because these defects are, under one shape or another, shared by every Englishman who has within the last thirty years written on history. Mr. Froude, for example, can, when he chooses, be sufficiently brilliant. His works are marred at least as much by defects of form as by the faults of substance which excite the violent diatribes of Mr. Freeman. Froude's histories come, it is true, to an end, but they cannot be said to be brought to a termination. Of the order and distribution of

\*History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M.A. Vols. I., II. London: Macmillan & Co.; New York: Harper & Bros.

his subject, of clear narrative, of the composition of a complete work, he knows nothing. Even Macaulay, with all his brilliancy and clearness, published rather a series of pictures than a history which, like the works of Tacitus or of Gibbon, should form an organic whole. The scheme, if so it can be called, of his history was from the first planned on so large a scale that even had his life extended to its full term the work must still have been the uncompleted monument of the talents of a writer who had every historical gift but the power of compression.

The reasons which have led modern writers grievously to neglect the formal merits of historical composition are worth consideration, but are easy to discover. The main cause lies in the increased attention bestowed upon the substance of history. We have at last learnt the great lesson that the primary duty of an historian is the investigation of facts and the weighing of evidence, and by a natural reaction have overlooked the immense importance of reducing the results of investigation into narratives which shall be at once lucid and graphic. Add to this that additional knowledge increases the difficulty of narration. When every fact with regard to a transaction is known, or supposed to be known, the task of describing the transaction becomes simple. But when the quantity of information to be obtained makes it difficult to master the whole facts of a case, a clear statement of these facts within a limited space becomes a feat only to be achieved by infinite skill and labor. If the accumulation of new facts has increased the difficulty of historical narrative, the awakening of historical conscientiousness has tended to the same result. Tacitus himself must have doubled the length of his works had he wished in every case to deal out absolute and impartial justice to friends and foes alike. You may paint Laud or Cromwell in a few striking and impressive epigrams, if you regard the archbishop simply as a fool and a bigot and the Protector simply as an unmannerly hypocrite. But from the moment you attempt impartially to appreciate the good and bad in the Anglican saint or the Puritan hero, you find that your narrative increases in length and loses the impressiveness which is due to sharp-cut and terse statement. No one can read Mr. Gardiner's slowly-growing 'History of the Stuarts' without perceiving that a writer of more than ordinary ability is oppressed by the weight of his knowledge and hampered by the morbid desire for the attainment of an attitude of ideal impartiality. The question then naturally suggests itself, How is it that Mr. Green has triumphed over the difficulties which, in recent times, have prevented other writers from presenting historical narratives in anything like a satisfactory form?

The first and main answer to this question is that he has quite legitimately entered into the labors of other men. Professor Stubbs, Mr. Freeman, Gneist, and a host of other laborers in the same field have, as regards the earlier history of England, gone through the toil of investigation, and Mr. Green has made himself the exponent of their views. Let no one, however, conceive that this art of narrative, though it is a different thing from investigation, is in itself a light matter. It requires, above all things, the gift for selecting the main and essential points of each event, and for throwing aside minor matters which cannot be referred to without hiding from the reader the essential features of the history which the writer presents to his view. The second answer to the enquiry how Mr. Green has achieved his success is, that he has won it by the possession of a marvellously keen eye for the leading features of his subject, and by an equally marvellous boldness in leaving out of view altogether the minor details with which inferior writers perplex both themselves and their readers. Whoever will study Mr. Green's description of social life in early England, the sketch of Alfred or the picture of Oxford in the Middle Ages, will see with what fulness he describes what is really remarkable, just because he refuses to deal at all with topics which do not square with the scheme of his work. If any evidence is needed that he has pursued the only method by which a history of moderate size can be made either interesting or instructive the proof may be found by comparing his 'Short History of England' with Mr. Kitchin's 'History of France,' which is the work of a sensible, well-informed writer, and deals with a subject as attractive as the history of England, but has the two fatal defects that it is not readable and is not worth reading. Its dullness and its uselessness arise from the same source. It contains brief descriptions of many things, such as the battles of Louis XIV.'s reign, which, unless for those who need to study them in detail, are not worth narrating at all, and, just because it contains matters which ought to be omitted, the book does not give full accounts of the great crises in the annals of France.

Impartial critics must, in estimating the causes of Mr. Green's success, add that he exhibits a boldness and originality in the judgment of

historical characters which, if it increases the attractiveness of his work, is not always calculated to gain the confidence of cautious students. His avowed belief in the intellectual capacity of King John may be taken as one of those paradoxes with which ingenious writers lighten the toil of composition. But it is a kind of paradox which ought to be left by serious authors to the writers in weekly periodicals, who, as they are bound to be amusing, prefer point to accuracy. The sketch, again, of Dunstan is surely a little fanciful. Our own knowledge of the saint is, we confess, of the slightest. We are willing to believe that Mr. Green's picture is derived from good authorities; but though it be the case that Dunstan was skilled in embroidery, this is surely not a leading trait in his life. Mr. Green cannot mean that the thousands of young ladies and young gentlemen who will learn history from his pages should remember Dunstan as the man who did needlework. Nor would it be impossible to point to other faults in Mr. Green's treatment of various subjects which come before him; and if investigation of his errors be needed, we do not doubt that the Irish schoolmaster who undertook in *Fraser* to hunt up the mistakes of the 'Short History' will be ready to administer any correction needed by its larger successor. It is, however, when criticising the work of a man of genius, far more important to point out exactly wherein his genius consists than to detect his minor deficiencies, and the end of this article is achieved if we have made clear to our readers that Mr. Green's special characteristic among historical writers is the care which he has devoted to the art of narration.

In his second volume he deals with a period which his masters in the history of England have hardly touched. When at some future day we notice his account of the Reformation we may take an opportunity of considering his views on the most important crisis of modern European history.

*Sensible Etiquette of the Best Society: Customs, Manners, Morals, and Home Culture.* Compiled from the best authorities by Mrs. H. O. Ward. (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1878.)—From the formidable list of authorities given in an appendix, as consulted or quoted in this treatise, it would appear as if the subject of good manners had occupied the attention of the foremost minds of the human race from the days of Aristotle and Socrates to those of Spurgeon and Dr. Holland; and in the largest sense of the word this may be true. It will be seen from Mrs. Ward's title that it is a broad view of the subject that she takes. Her book might more properly be said to deal with the conduct of life than with that narrow department of it which comes within the limits of etiquette. There is almost no situation or condition in life for which some appropriate advice may not be found in her pages. Chapter xi., for instance, is on requirements for happiness in married life, and we can cordially recommend it to those about to marry, though some of its most striking passages are marred by a slight obscurity. "Coquetry," says Mrs. Ward, "has been compared to the thorn which guards the rose, flirtation to the slime of a worm that has crept over the fair petals." To grasp the full beauty of this requires reflection—more reflection than the casual reader will, perhaps, give. But this is unusual. Most of what is said is perfectly plain, as when Mrs. Ward declares of men in general that "as they look down the vista of the past" they "can remember how they were devoted to women the memory of whom fails to call up anything but a vague sort of wonder how they ever could have fallen into the state of infatuation in which they once were"; and immediately adds, possibly lest this one-sided statement arouse an inter-sexual bitterness: "The same with women." The only thing connected with marriage that can strictly be considered as coming under the head of etiquette is the marriage ceremony, and with regard to this Mrs. Ward's directions are full, minute, and, so far as we know, correct. On some of the points we could have wished a little more latitude. It may be customary for the bride to breakfast in her own room on the wedding-day, but clearly there may be exceptions to this, as in case she has no room in which breakfast can be brought to her. Again, if the wedding is to be in the evening, must she take all her meals in her room, or must she take breakfast there and lunch and dinner with the family? A great part of the chapter is devoted to the behavior of the parties after the marriage. In this they are given very excellent advice, concluding with some appropriate quotations from the Old Testament.

Etiquette is a branch of knowledge of which it is emphatically true that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and it may be on this account that Mrs. Ward treats it exhaustively, and, refusing to confine herself to the rules which govern ordinary social intercourse, goes down to the very sources of manners, and shows on what moral basis they rest. Many of



her explanations strike us as remarkably true, as, for example (to cite a very trivial one), the reason given for the dropping of the word "polite" in answers to invitations—that its use appears to suggest the possibility of impolite invitations from the sender. She has, however, it seems to us (being an earnest thinker on a subject which is, to say the least, of a light order), made the mistake of overlooking one explanation of rules of good-breeding which is very fundamental. All the rules which govern people in the "best society" must be subservient to the end for which society exists—and that end must be conceded to be, in the main, amusement. Balls and parties, dinners and breakfasts, and all the forms in which "society" appears, are forms devised for the common end of entertainment. Of course this entertainment is subject to those moral restraints which are recognized by the persons who compose the society, but their main end is amusement. It is not self-improvement, it is not "culture"; it is pleasure. Most of the laws recognized at one period or another with regard to conversation in society may be traced to this. When men and women meet in society, it is safe to say that the general object of society will not be advanced if the men talk about subjects which the women cannot understand, or *vice versa*. Thus, although there are in the abstract no more improving subjects of discourse than religion and politics, or the education of the young, it has nevertheless not been generally regarded "good form" (it is difficult to say what is "good form" just now in conversation) for men in general society to engage in religious or political controversy, nor for women to talk about their children. In the same way, subjects which may arouse bitter feelings are necessarily avoided, not from a spirit of Christianity, but because the exhibition of bitter feelings brings other persons' innocent enjoyment to an end. This great fact, that society exists for selfish ends, and only recognizes morality so far as it is obliged to do so, explains many of the conventional rules which govern its behavior. Everybody has read in John Stuart Mill's autobiography his remarkable declaration that nobody ought to mix with his fellows without remorse, unless on every occasion he can distinctly feel that his intercourse with them has resulted in self-improvement. It is quite safe to say that the adoption of this rule would bring society, as we know it, to a speedy termination, simply because society, as we know it, does not exist for purposes of self-improvement. Mrs. Ward, like many other reformers, does not appear to have firmly grasped this great fundamental truth.

If good-breeding could be taught by a book, Mrs. Ward's would serve the purpose very well. Short of its compulsory introduction, however, in the public schools, we do not see how it can become a final authority. People do not, as a matter of fact, learn manners from books, but in the process of education, and by mixing with the world, and perhaps by an inherited aptitude. In the United States the absence of all court etiquette and class distinctions makes the art of behavior much simpler than in England, and at the same time much looser. The essential characteristics of good manners are, however, much the same the world over, and, notwithstanding what may be said of the vulgarity and bad manners prevailing in the United States, we are inclined to think that, taking in all classes of society, there is more good-breeding in this country than in any other in the world. In fact, it is with us a good deal as it is with education. As a nation we are well educated, but in the possession of a class of highly-educated men we are behind most of the leading countries of the world. So our average manners are very good, far above the average manners of England; but for countries in which there is a large class of well-bred persons who really control society, and are looked up to with unaffected respect as setting its laws, we are still obliged to turn our gaze to the effete despotisms of the Old World.

*The History of Dartmouth College.* By Baxter Perry Smith. (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.)—"In the preparation of this work the writer has deemed it better to let history, as far as possible, tell its own story, regarding reliability as preferable to unity of style." These opening words from the preface are seen by the patient reader to be apologetic, for the author's literary skill is quite unworthy of the task he set himself, namely, to compose the standard history of Dartmouth College. There have been plenty of sketches of this history, from McClure and Parish's (in their 'Memoirs of Eleazar Wheelock') down to Nathan Crosby's alumni address in 1875, but no work to rank in relative importance with Peirce's or Quincy's 'History of Harvard.' Mr. Smith has labored diligently, has sought and collected a large amount of fresh information, has brought the history down to the present year, and nevertheless his narrative lacks form, method, and clearness. What he means

by "unity of style" is really orderly arrangement, which need by no means be abandoned because one has to cite a great many authorities, as Mr. Smith seems to suppose. He is not even aware of the help which judicious typography affords in avoiding confusion, else he would have employed at least two sizes of type for the main text, in which letters and other documents, and long extracts or special contributions are mingled inextricably (except for quotation marks) with his own writing. That portion of Dartmouth's history which affords any scope for narration—its *Sturm und Drang* period—is all embraced in the first half-century of its existence, and this should have constituted an organic part by itself, with a summary account of the progress of the institution since 1820. "The record of the lives and labors of the teachers" should have constituted Part II., and could have been made as interesting as any biography. Finally, more might have been relegated to the appendix than is to be found there.

So far as what we have called Part I. is concerned, a much more distinct impression will be gained from Mr. Crosby's address before mentioned than from the 125 pages of Mr. Smith. The latter, for example, only casually alludes in a foot-note (p. 257) to the extraordinary state of things lasting for two years, during the charter contest, when the college was attended by students acknowledging two sets of instructors, officers, and trustees, each pretending to be the college, and both by tacit agreement exercising authority over their respective adherents without wrangling or violence, pending the decision of the court. The college was worth being founded if only to procure that decision. Mr. Smith makes the issue sufficiently plain, but he might have cited evidence of its far-reaching effects in unexpected directions. The charter trustees foresaw its importance for other colleges, but even they did not suppose that slaughter-houses might be interested in it. Perhaps the most striking instance of "letting the history tell its own story" is in Mr. Smith's indirect treatment of Dr. Nathan Lord's departure from the presidency on account of his copperhead sympathies during the Rebellion. In a chapter headed "Character of President Lord," a paragraph on him as a teacher is immediately succeeded by this one (italics ours):

"The following extracts from the official records of the Trustees are deemed worthy of insertion in this connection in order to a full understanding of the circumstances attending President Lord's resignation."

Then the Trustees and Dr. Lord speak for themselves. This champion of the divine right of slavery naturally resented being censured for his "opinions and publications on questions of Biblical ethics and interpretations," simply because the Trustees supposed them "to bear unfavorably upon one branch of the policy pursued by the present administration of the government of the country." But he nevertheless took the hint and withdrew in time.

This work, in spite of the defects which mar its readableness, will always be valuable for reference. It is well illustrated with portraits and fac-similes by the heliotype process.

*Geographical Surveying.* By F. de Y. Carpenter. (New York: D. Van Nostrand.)—This little treatise, written originally, as it appears, for the purpose of presenting to the Geological Commission of Brazil a general sketch of the plan proposed for mapping the immense territory of that Empire, in connection with the Geological Survey organized by the late Prof. Hartt, appears in Mr. Van Nostrand's excellent Science Series, and forms a useful contribution to the popular science literature of our country. Its author, formerly connected with the geographical surveys of the Engineer Department under Lieut. Wheeler, proposes the name Geographical rather than Topographical Surveying, to distinguish the kind of work necessary for covering a large extent of comparatively unexplored country (when thousands of square miles must be mapped in a season) from the slow and detailed surveying which indicates every man's farm and house, as carried on by the Government surveys of Europe. While the former should be based on determinations of primary points no less accurate than the latter, the intermediate details are to be sketched in by methods of approximation, which will present with sufficient accuracy the general physical features of the region surveyed, and the method may therefore be called *geo-graphical* rather than *topo-graphical*, as describing the surface of the globe, rather than of limited regions or places. This has been the system pursued by our various Government geological surveys in the Rocky Mountain region; and the author mentions the work of Hayden's, Powell's, and Wheeler's surveys, from whose experience he has drawn his material, but neglects to give credit to the forerunner and, in one sense, the originator of all these, that of the 40th

Parallel under Mr. Clarence King. As he avoids all formulas, and presents his subject with clearness and precision, the work will be found pleasant reading for all interested in geography.

*A Rebel's Recollections.* By George Cary Eggleston. Second edition. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1878.)—We are glad to see that the popularity of Mr. Eggleston's 'Recollections' has proved sufficient to warrant a second edition. The book is almost the only one of the kind that the war produced, and will, as a faithful picture of life in the Confederate army, probably increase in value as time goes on. Those who engage in an unsuccessful civil war have seldom the good luck to have their story told as they would have it told; and this must, above all, be the case if a great moral question is involved in the victory of the other side. Mr. Eggleston does not undertake to prove those on whose side he fought to have been in the right; he merely begs the reader to assume at the outset that the Southerners believed they were fighting for their rights—that they were mistaken as to what those rights were, but that they were as sincere in their defence of them as their opponents. He then discusses cursorily such topics as "the men who made the army," the temper of the women (which, according to our observation, was not very different from the behavior of women generally in time of war), the extraordinary history of Southern financial legislation (a history which makes it seem almost incredible that there can be now an inflationist in the South), and some of the chief characters and events of the war. The book makes a life-like, and we should think an accurate, picture. Mr. Eggleston has many virtues as a writer—a good power of description, a strong sense of humor, and a sympathetic appreciation of character. His sketches will be found full of interest.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold (M.), Poems.....	(Macmillan & Co.)	\$2 00
Beecher (Mrs. H. W.), All Around the House.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Cowden Clarke (Charles and Mary), Recollections of Writers.....	(Chas. Scribner's Sons)	1 75
Dartt (Mary), On the Plains, swd.....	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	50
John-a-Dreams; a Tale, swd.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)	30
Peck (Prof. W. G.), Elementary Arithmetic.....	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)	60

## Fine Arts.

### ETCHINGS BY SEYMOUR HADEN—NEW SERIES.

A SERIES of twelve selected etchings by Mr. Seymour Haden has lately been receiving subscribers at the rooms of Messrs. Hogarth, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London. In connection with the publication of the set a small room was hung with the plates of this distinguished amateur, whose position is certainly at the head of contemporary English landscape art in aqua fortis. This second appearance of Mr. Haden in an issue of collected specimens for general suffrage seems to be even more successful than the first was, in 1866, when he made his entrance into the public view with the immediately appreciated "Études à l'eau forte," at Colnaghi's. The present twelve consist of five which have not before been seen outside a limited circle, and of seven more or less familiar to Mr. Haden's admirers.

To the volume of his first studies he appended some remarks, first communicated to the editor of the series, M. Philippe Burty, in private correspondence. All that he displayed, these letters declared, were begun and finished in the open air; and Mr. Haden's present sketches, as well as those of 1866, give an impression of the truth of this. The artist, he repeatedly urged to his eminent correspondent, is born and not made; whatever study may do it cannot create an artist; sometimes it may rather confuse, misdirect, and even extinguish his light. The vulgar mind, again he declared, never produces the beautiful; if it did it would cease to be vulgar. It further appears from this correspondence that landscape is Mr. Haden's choice, and that in whatever he strives for he insists on rapidity of treatment, feeling no care for detail or finish. The new etchings are to be examined in the light of these theories, which evi-

dently are still in full force; they show the clear, unhesitating perception, then the instant rendering by the hand of all that there was any care to perceive.

The first of these twelve is the "Dusty Millers," a sketch of careless, vivid force, with delicacy of distance lending saliency to the buildings, to the men in action, and sluice of water in the foreground. The second is a sea-piece of rough combing waves in front of St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall; a turbulent moving sky meets the sea in the right-hand corner, both showing the strength of impending storm, and the waves swell and foam in free lines of energy. In the first and second states of No. 3, "The Mill-Wheel," there is breadth of color in the wheel with the foliage shading it, as relieved against the higher value of the building; the first state has less depth of this color, with a gain of refinement. No. 4, "The Three Sisters," three grouped trunks against a forest background, shows strong play of lights through the arched and branching trees, and a sure choice of composition. The fifth etching, "Purfleet," presents a waterside Thames neighborhood, with refinement of distance as calculated through an infinite recession of barges and river craft, and daring delicate cloud-lines selected so as to hint a vast perspective of air. No. 6, "The Complete Angler," is illumined by a fore-space of pure light, against which are measured the many gradations of color over the background of sheds and trees. No. 7 is a water-meadow; here, in a subtle accumulation of piled-up and emphatic lights, is a brilliant river under broad sunshine, fringed by distances of trees breaking into the far-away hills with glowing effect, and a dazzle of rays through cloud, to all of which a broken framework of a waterway in bold drawing gives relief and the suffused distant quality necessary. The foreground of rushes here, and that of herbage in the fourth plate, show Mr. Haden's high knowledge, his bold decisiveness, and rapid selection of character forms, while his other attainment, of breadth and relief, is declared in every example.

The remaining plates are in Mr. Haden's deeper color, except No. 10, "Windmill Hill"—an upland scene with windy tree-tops and tumbling clouds in Rembrandt-like impetuosity of light-and-shade. The eighth etching, "On the Test," is an evening mystery on still water, with, in several places, a retirement into deeper tones than the ordinary etcher can get without opacity and loss of flavor. The ninth, "The Moat House," prolongs the charm of melancholy gloom through ascending forms of poplar and witch-elm trees, and expressive edges of chimney and roof, while the play of line and posture in the nearer trees is a study of changing emphasis. No. 11, "Battersea," is in perfect evening gloom, which a struggling moon is striving to relieve. The twelfth and last plate, "Grim Spain—Burgos," shows, in a sweep of summary execution, the walls and towers which confer the character of austerity rising in varied line and elevation, and advancing out of the distance, without a break in the transition, until they culminate in foreground edifices of harshest gloom.

The appreciation that attends, in London, on whatever Mr. Haden decides to publish, was shown in the Bury sale there of plates selected by that agreeable critic, out of his unwieldy collection, as adapted to English taste. This sale was held some two months back, and in it the earlier studies by Mr. Haden brought four times their publication value, the one hundred and twenty etchings included fetching an amount equal to \$2,570.

These remarks, in their preparation, have been facilitated by the inspection of a collector's hoard in this city, well known in several countries for the rarities it comprises. Among the Seymour Haden etchings, for example, it embraces proofs and states not to be found in the chalcographic department of the British Museum, and several specimens of which Mr. Haden himself has no duplicate. From the large "Calais Pier" in its finest state, down to experimental sketches like the dog "Puff" and the portrait of Mr. Cole, the connoisseur in question possesses an almost complete setting forth of Mr. Haden's talent, in its tentatives and its development.

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lished in connection with the editor's, and are a guaranty of the soundness of their doctrine. In the *Medical Department*, for example, we have Drs. AUSTIN FLINT, JR., JACOBI, and LUSK; for the *Culinary Department* Mrs. E. S. MILLER and GIUSEPPE RUDMANI are responsible; Col. GEORGE E. WARING deals with *Drainage, the Garden, Dairy*, etc., etc. Many single articles produced under these auspices are worth the price of the work, and there are very few households in which the compilation as a whole would not have a daily usefulness."

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